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The Shape of Things

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PURISTS LIKE GENERAL HUGH JOHNSON find it hard to withhold what he calls "praise" for President Roosevelt's oratorical swing through the country. Of course, as Johnson delicately puts it, this is not to be taken as "praise of political sanity or honesty—only of political adroitness." We concede the "adroitness," the "showmanship," and all the rest of it, and it would be foolish to deny that the jaunt is thoroughly political. But it is politics on a higher plane than is common in this country; it is politics for a program rather than for a party. Democratic presidents don't have to go campaigning through a somnolent Solid South; no matter who wins the nominations, the party cashes in. That Roosevelt is willing to take the chance of disrupting party unity is to his lasting credit, for, whatever its shortcomings, he has a program. The only intelligent criterion of his sincerity is the extent to which he will fight to put that program into practice. At least half the battle is educational, and this is perhaps the most hopeful aspect of his trip. For in addition to throwing his support to Democrats who will support him, and in addition to the customary citation of personal bonds which link him forever to Marietta, Bowling Green, and Oklahoma City, the President has never missed a chance to hammer home some major point in his social program: a decent wage level, scientific land use, cheap power, flood control, "cooperative security," and even "government with a soul." Those who see only showmanship in this we shall never accuse of adroitness.

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THESE DAYS ARE WEATHER-BREEDERS IN Europe—hot and quiet but with thunderheads on every horizon. It becomes evident that agreement between the Sudetens and Prague is not emerging from the discussions of the proposed nationalities statute. On the contrary, Henlein's followers are reliably reported to be drilling in the frontier districts, and Henlein has just been conferring with Hitler in Munich. The Czech government, while planning wide concessions to all its minorities, is busy adding up its votes to make sure of

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the three-fifths majority required for amending the constitution. Meanwhile Hitler is intensifying his activities in Hungary. General von Keitel, head of the supreme command of the Reichswehr, recently spent five days in Hungary where he behaved, according to a report cited by G. E. R. Gedye in the New York *Times*, "more like an inspector general of a satellite army than a visitor to the army of a well-disposed neighbor state." In the event of an armed move against Czechoslovakia, Hitler would need the backing of Hungary; and he can offer as payment the return of the small Hungarian majority within the borders of the Czech state. These developments, however, do not necessarily imply war; they do imply renewed threats backed up by increased power.

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NO CLEARER AIR SURROUNDS SPAIN. WHILE the Loyalists stubbornly resist and slowly yield before the rebel push toward Valencia, their fate continues to be bartered by the powers. France has stopped the few leaks in the frontier, while Franco's ports and borders remain wide open pending the long-delayed application of the plan for counting and withdrawing "volunteers." So far neither the rebels nor the Loyalists have accepted the plan, but while it hangs suspended, Italian artillery carries the brunt of the rebel advance, and Mussolini hails the deeds of the "Italian battalions" in Spain and anticipates the possibility that "Blackshirts will again face Bolshevist forces in the international field." His aviators have for the moment stopped bombing British ships in Spanish ports, perhaps as the result of the Perth-Ciano conversations at Rome, so that Chamberlain is able to hint at concessions by Franco and to temporize in the hope of staving off a showdown at least until Parliament adjourns at the end of the month. The new and more open attacks by Eden make it apparent that the anti-Chamberlain forces in the Conservative ranks are moving toward some sort of unified opposition. Whether it takes shape soon will doubtless depend on Chamberlain's progress toward his dubious goals.

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THE MARKET CONTINUES ITS BOOM. WHAT started stocks up is probably a complex of factors, including low inventories and anticipation of heavy government expenditures. What keeps them going are such items as the ending of the basing-point price system in steel, the I. C. C. grant of a 25 per cent rate increase for the Eastern railroads, the bullish talk of Ambassador Kennedy on his recent visit, and the attempt of various industries to beat the gun before the wage-hour law provisions go into effect in the late fall. With respect to Kennedy's bullish talk, one might reasonably convert the adjective into a noun. Government expenditures have scarcely begun, and their direct effect on industry will not be felt for months. The railroad rate rise was crudely superficial, judged as a piece of economic statesmanship: it leaves the bond incubus and the impoverished equipment and the inefficient duplication of lines exactly where they were. As for the wage-hour law, we recall that there was a similar market boom, and a steep rise in the production curve, before the NRA went into effect. The truth is that industry has become heavily politicized. Businessmen watch governmental trends with feverish anxiety. The actual economic conditions have never warranted the "recession" gloom of the past nine months. There is therefore a margin of tolerance for a further upturn in the next months. Within certain limits set by basic conditions, a spirit of optimism may well lead to, rather than flow from, improved industrial conditions. The danger, of course, is that the trend may as easily be reversed.

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THE ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE AMERICAN Civil Liberties Union have become important barometers of democratic vitality. The current issue, entitled "Eternal Vigilance," is a sober, though often dramatic, and on the whole reassuring document. For the second successive year the union records a perceptible ebb in anti-labor violence, an achievement in which the National Labor Relations Board is credited with a dominant role. This is a fitting testimonial for the NLRB's third birthday, and especially refreshing in contrast with the new stream of press abuse which that event provoked. The union simultaneously notes a pronounced decline in persecution of Communists. While the altered tactics of the Communists themselves undoubtedly contributed to this result, it primarily reflects the growing immunity of Americans to the slogans of professional red-baiters. On these and related fronts the A. C. L. U. chronicles real gains made in the face of frequently merciless opposition. The report, of course, does not obscure the dark and contagious areas of reaction that still exist. The roll of dishonor is long and significant: Jersey City, Harlan, Memphis, San Antonio, Tampa, Gallup, and now New Orleans. Yet the existence of the La Follette committee offers hope even to these terror-ridden communities.

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LABOR IS WELL ADVISED IN MAKING A *cause célèbre* of New York's Busch Jewelry Company case. On the grounds that the picketers resorted to "acts of violence" and carried "fraudulent" signs, Justice Salvatore Cotillo ordered the immediate cessation not only of what he judged to be illegal picketing but of all picketing. The state's "little Norris-La Guardia act" permits a judge to enjoin illegal picketing but specifically bars him from enjoining peaceful picketing. Cotillo holds that the state Constitution guarantees to the Supreme Court the right to enjoin any act when it deems it

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wise or necessary to do so for the protection of property or where a breach of the peace is involved, and contends that if the law were intended to curtail that jurisdiction it would be unconstitutional. Counsel for the strikers, on the other hand, argue that no such constitutional prohibition exists, that the legislature has the power to regulate the jurisdiction of the courts, that the anti-injunction law permits the imposing of a ban only on the illegal aspects of the picketing, and that its whole purpose would be defeated if a judge were permitted, on his own finding of fact, to ban all picketing in a given dispute. Justice Cotillo's argument is typical of the legal-loophole reasoning by which labor has been robbed of its gains in the past. If his decision should be upheld in the higher courts, not only labor in New York would suffer; fourteen other states have almost identical anti-injunction laws, modeled on the federal Norris-La Guardia act, and it would not take their courts long to appropriate the Cotillo technique.

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TO CALL OTTO BAUER, WHO DIED IN EXILE in Paris last week, the leader of the Austrian Social Democracy does not do justice to his position. He was the theoretician of left-wing socialism, and with the exception of Karl Kautsky, the last of the outstanding Socialist leaders that the pre-war labor movement of Europe produced. Bauer, together with Victor Adler, backed the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in 1914. He served as officer in the World War, was taken prisoner by the Russians, and experienced both the March and the November revolutions on Russian soil. When he returned to Austria it was as an opponent, but not as an enemy, of the Bolshevist regime. He believed even then that dictatorship of the proletariat would inevitably lead, not to a socialist democracy, but to an all-powerful bureaucracy. Nevertheless, as the foreign minister of the first and only Socialist cabinet in Austria, he made a sincere effort to establish friendly relations with the Soviet Union. His earnest attempt to imbue the socialist movement with new life through the instrumentality of the short-lived Hamburg (Second-and-a-Half) International was a total failure. The Second International triumphed, a monument to the power of social inertia. Though the Austrian party followed the energetic leadership of Bauer and his theoretical monthly *Der Kampf* in the direction of a more militant revolutionary conception of the fight for working-class power, it, too, failed when it was put to the test. Had Bauer had more confidence in the strength of the Austrian working class, which waited for almost a year for the signal to strike out against the Dollfuss dictatorship, the fate of Austria might have been different. Bauer fought heroically during the February uprising but the workers lost because he had allowed the enemy to take the offensive.

The New Trust Busters

THE monopoly inquiry has finally swung into motion. The first full meeting of the joint Congressional and administrative committee has been held, and to each of the government agencies represented has been assigned the task of collecting and digesting the material in its files bearing on some potential phase of the inquiry. The hearings themselves are likely to begin in September and run until 1940; but it is almost certain that a preliminary report will be made next January, with the assembling of the new Congress, containing recommendations for legislation and suggestions for anti-trust revision. After that the inquiry should settle down to a comprehensive probing of how our industrial system works and how to make it work better.

We consider the launching of this inquiry one of the most important events of our recent history. For a half century the anti-trust problem has been agitated in this country. Thus far it has produced no results except a moral fervor against monopolies that has gone hand in hand with a complete paralysis of action, and which has permitted the giant corporations to grow until today they dominate our entire economic life. We have entrusted our destiny as producers and consumers to the frail procedures of common-law litigation, and our economic welfare has been bogged down in the metaphysical swamps of legalistic concepts. What is new about the new trust busters is that they no longer view the problem of monopoly through the blinkers of the anti-trust laws. True, under the vigorous energies of Robert H. Jackson and now of Thurman W. Arnold, even the existing anti-trust laws have been given some meaning and sting. Nothing comparable to the speeches and reports of these two men is to be found in the records of the Department of Justice. What happened in the oil-company trial and what is happening now in the aluminum- and milk-company trials is proof that good public officials do not allow inadequate laws to stand as an excuse for inaction and collusion. But more important than this is the effort to extend the boundaries of the whole monopoly problem.

The time has come to remove the scales that have been on the people's eyes for decades. When the Sherman law was passed in 1890 the anxieties of the nation were directed toward the open and shameless "trusts" that had departed from the ideal competitive norm in which we still believed, and that had cornered control of some market. In the intervening half century American economic life has moved in seven-league strides toward a condition of vassalage to the huge corporations. No one of these corporations may be in complete control of an industry; yet the reality is that competition no longer exists, and price, wage, and production policies are decided by agreements between a few dominant operating

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and holding corporations. The avenues by which these results are attained are often so complex, so elusive, so indirect, that they ramify into every area of our industrial, financial, legal, taxation, and investment structure.

That is why it would be impossible, for all the fears and jeremiads of the editorial writers, to make a "witch-hunt" out of the present inquiry. Witch-hunting had its place when there were a few "malefactors of great wealth." But the problems we must get at are too involved in our business structure to be solved by hunting out any single malefactor. The prices of the aluminum utensils, the automobiles, the tires, the gasoline, the milk, the meat—almost everything that we use—are determined by large corporate concentrations of power. Whether they shall be rigid or shall fluctuate depends not on the social welfare but upon the calculations for maximizing net profits. It is more than just a matter of price, for production and employment policies as well are subject to these decisions. Investment trusts, government contracts, the investment policies of insurance companies, the structure of holding companies, labor legislation—all are an integral part of what we have been accustomed to call the "monopoly" situation.

Not since the Pujo investigation, a quarter century ago, have we had the chance we have now of attacking the problem as a whole. We muffed it then, and we may muff it now; but if we do, it must be for failure to will the means of carrying out our objectives. The personnel of the inquiry is not a bad one. The Congressional group leans toward the right. But in the administrative group there are men of the stature of Leon Henderson, Thurman Arnold, William O. Douglas, Isador Lubin, Jerome Frank, and Herman Oliphant. They have a chance to make a chart of the workings of our economic system. They have a chance to see the picture as a whole and to make a coordinated attack on the entire problem.

We are not suggesting that we can enter a Promised Land where a single blueprint will solve all our problems. If there is one thing that recent studies have taught us, such as those in the book just published by Walton Hamilton and his associates, it is that every major industry has its own problems of price determination, and that the politics of industry is as complex as the economics of industry. But there are also levers that control the mechanisms of industry as a whole. To make those studies and get at those mechanisms is to accomplish the prelude to economic planning.

The men who rule our industry know this. They have their eyes fixed on this inquiry. They will smash it if they can. They will seek to control it if they cannot smash it. Or, if they cannot control it, they will seek to keep it all in the realm of research and abstractions, and let it peter out there. It is our job to make the inquiry the first step toward a real grappling with the problem of socializing industry.

Jurist and Humanist

NOT since Justice Holmes has there been a figure in American public life whom men of all parties so delighted to honor as Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo. His death is deeply felt by conservatives and radicals alike. Justice Brandeis has had a greater impact on our constitutional law, but as a hard-hitting crusader for economic justice he found that the hounds of State Street and Wall Street were set loose on him. Justice Cardozo never had a yelping pack at his heels. When he succeeded Justice Holmes in 1932 the choice had the imprint of inevitability. Men did not think of him as a partisan because he was so clearly the painstaking craftsman, the profound commentator, the master stylist, the judge who leaned backward to reach his conclusions.

He was as close as we have come to that creature of popular myth—the objective judge. Even in Justice Holmes there was a mocking strain, which made men feel that here was a sharp commentator on the human comedy who was also a great judge. But Cardozo made the achievement of judicial objectivity his life work.

This is not to say that his thinking was neutral and colorless. He had deep human emotions and social passions. His work on the New York Court of Appeals, which was of enormous importance because of the formative influence of the New York precedents on other state courts, was directed toward humanizing the rigors of the law and cutting down the lag between legal approval and social change. He was in that sense a leader in what has come to be known as "sociological jurisprudence." He cared deeply about the oppressed and the underprivileged. On the Supreme Court too his vote was always with the progressives, and during his first trying years he was in a fighting minority of three. But it was his constant doctrine that you could translate the new economic forces into law without stepping out of the framework of legal tradition.

Above all, he was an unforgettable personality. There was no one who touched his life that did not feel awe at his unworldly quality. Sensitive, ascetic, both logician and poet, he was at the same time a realist even though he did not know at first hand the sweat and the grime of life. He had to get at it by an effort of the imagination.

You cannot easily replace a Cardozo, any more than you can replace a Holmes. But most of the names mentioned currently for his post on the court fall far short of the standard he set. There is only one man who comes close to Cardozo's ideal, as a legal craftsman, as a philosopher, and as a student of human institutions. He is Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School. If Mr. Roosevelt should appoint him, some reactionaries might be dismayed. But the rest of the country, lawyers and laymen alike, would regard him as the logical choice.

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Death Trap for Jews

THREE places: Austria, Palestine, Evian. All three are symbols of what is happening today to the Jews of the world. It is as if these places were points through which some sardonic hand had drawn the triangle of Jewish destiny.

Austria is the latest and most harrowing instance of Nazi brutality in its insane campaign against the Jews. With the German experience back of them, the Nazis are dispatching the job of destroying the Austrian Jews with a swift and workmanlike thoroughness. The Austrian Jews, some 200,000 of them, form about 3 per cent of the population, while the German Jews formed less than 1 per cent. Most of them are in Vienna. They are in business, the professions, the trade unions—forming one of the most honorable communities in Europe, and one that has contributed far beyond its share to the world's intellectual and artistic life. They are being ousted from the professions, boycotted, stripped of their businesses and possessions, thrown into concentration camps, pushed into bread-lines that cannot feed them, or dumped on a world that does not want them. Those who have read Vincent Sheean's lacerating dispatches from Vienna to the New York *Herald Tribune* know part of the story. Nor are professed Jews alone to suffer. "Non-Aryan Christians" share their fate, whether they be "baptized standing up" or "baptized lying down" or "mongrels of the first grade" or "mongrels of the second grade." For the Nazis any degree of Jewish blood is sufficient ground for the sadism of the swastika.

Palestine has been settled by Jews as the "Jewish homeland." Here, if nowhere else, it seemed possible that the oppressed Jews of the world might find a haven. But Palestine is today the scene of the bloodiest sort of civil strife, with casualties both of Jews and Arabs mounting daily. In immediate terms the struggle is over the proposed British plan for the partition of Palestine into a Jewish state, an Arab state, and a British corridor. More basically, it is a struggle on the part of the Arabs to stop the flow—now a trickle—of Jewish immigration at the very time when Palestine is most needed for Jewish refugees. But in the deepest political sense Jews and Arabs alike have been caught in the cross-fire of the imperialisms of Great Britain and Italy. The Arab reign of terror over the Jews is part of the new "revolt in the desert" which has been stirred up by Mussolini's fascist propaganda and his deals with the Arab feudal lords. Meanwhile, however, the Jews are caught in a trap in their own "homeland."

Evian, a resort in Southern France, is the third point of the triangle. It is the scene of the world conference on the refugee problem, which has assembled at President Roosevelt's invitation. All conferences are limited in what they can do. People often make the mistake of expecting too much of a conference, and are consequently disillusioned when they get only talk. But at a time when crude piracy dominates the moral tone of international affairs, even talk may be a step forward, provided it is sharp, uncompromising, organized, official. Myron Taylor's speech as head of the American delegation had some of these qualities. His attack on the callous Nazi policy of "human dumping" has been heard around the world, and can furnish scant comfort to Hitler.

Unfortunately, even sharp words may be caught in the net of political maneuvering to get a strategic position in an insoluble problem. The British delegation, we may state flatly, is almost incredible even in the context of a Chamberlain government. Its head is Lord Winterton, known to be an anti-Semite. Its policy seems thus far to have been one of deliberate sabotaging of the work of the conference. It has fought the American proposal that permanent machinery, independent of the League of Nations, be set up to deal with the refugee problem.

Mr. Taylor's proposals looking toward a permanent organization are the minimum that the conference can accomplish without proving a failure. It was to be expected that most of the countries would limit their aid to the German and Austrian Jews to verbal sympathy and would refuse to lift their immigration restrictions. Even the American quota is pitifully small, and Mr. Roosevelt made it clear at the start that it would not be increased. Behind this lies the distressing apathy of the American people as a whole to the plight of the refugees, as shown in the recent *Fortune* poll. Fortunately there are countries, notably Peru and Mexico, that have expressed a willingness to admit refugees in large numbers, and that seem to consider them not a burden but a boon. And several other Latin-American countries are ready to accept a fairly large quota of agricultural workers.

There are those who will say that it is unwise to offer a haven to the Jews of Germany and Austria, on the ground that this will help Hitler get them off his hands and cause similar expulsions from Poland and Rumania. That is to argue that to save people from a burning house is unwise because it will encourage arson. The house of the Jews in Central Europe is aflame, and arson is the deliberate policy of fascism. There was a time when a search for Jewish colonial sites, whether in Angola, Madagascar, Cyrenaica, Ecuador, Abyssinia, or Australia, was the problem of the Jews themselves. Today the Jewish question has become the moral responsibility of the whole non-fascist world. Although Great Britain has woefully bungled its job in Palestine, it has still the duty of finding a solution there that will admit Jews to the limit of the economic absorptive capacity of the country. At the same time, every other means must be explored of getting the victims of the Nazis out of their present death trap and resettling them where they can live as something better than slaves.

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Hooking Henry Ford

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 11

TARDILY but inexorably the sharp hook of justice is sinking into the tough gullet of the boldest industrial outlaw of our times. A Labor Board decision against Henry Ford in the Dearborn case is now before the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, and the efforts of precious counsel to shake their client loose have served only to impale him more surely. Now he is confronted with a bristling report by Trial Examiner Tilford E. Dudley in the St. Louis case, finding him guilty of numerous unfair labor practices and ordering him, for the first time, to bargain with the United Automobile Workers. From a trial examiner's report to the Supreme Court is still a respectable distance, but I suspect that neither Henry nor his Wall Street lawyers will derive any comfort from that remarkable document. Anyone who goes through it can understand why the Dearborn Despot has taken refuge in McGuffey's Reader. The report, based on 21,000 printed pages of testimony, represents a monumental piece of work by one man. During the hearings Dudley took more than 600 pages of shorthand notes to guide his own study of the record. The cases of more than 200 workers named in the complaint are reviewed individually and in detail.

Obviously, space prohibits me from touching more than a few high points. Ford's company union calls itself the "Liberty Legion of America." Evidence showed its guiding spirit to be Municipal Judge Leo R. Schaefer of Dearborn, whose family enjoys a box-lunch concession in the River Rouge plant from which its net income is approximately $50,000 a year. A plant superintendent, approached in a restaurant by members of a union committee with a request for a conference, replied: "You're putting me on a spot. If I called you fellows in I'd be fired in the morning." Concerning the celebrated interview at Ways, Georgia, in which Ford declared he would "never recognize the United Automobile Workers or any other union," Dudley comments: "The . . . statements go far beyond any expression of opinion. They constitute an expression of intent to violate the law regardless of consequences." Similar expression of a lawless intent by Ford are familiar to everyone who reads the newspapers. Notwithstanding that fact and notwithstanding the colossal weight of evidence in this case, I confidently venture that it will be the occasion for a new attack on the board's fairness and integrity.

Every decision by the board is subject to judicial review and reversal. When the Supreme Court recessed for the summer, the score stood as follows: Twelve of the board's decisions had been contested in that court; in all twelve the board was upheld. Thirty-six of its decisions had been contested in the Circuit Courts of Appeal; it was upheld in twenty-eight; of the eight in which it was overruled three are being appealed. Ninety-seven injunction suits were brought against the board; all ninety-seven have been dismissed. Yet after this record was made and published an editorial appeared in *Collier's* which contained the following unblushing statement: "Of the rank partisanship in some of our federal boards there can be little question. The National Labor Relations Board is perhaps the most glaring example." I should add that the editorial was captioned Fair Play. Could such an exhibition be the result of sheer ignorance? It could, but I doubt that it was. The calumnies against the board are too uniform and too persistent to result from the mere chance meeting of unfurnished minds. In my twenty-seven years of newspaper work I have never seen a peacetime propaganda to compare with that now being waged against the Wagner Act and its administration. There is nothing strange about this. It is simply one phase of the organized resistance of a class which believes that its profits and power are threatened by the legal emancipation of labor.

I have managed to remain fairly calm in the face of gossip and revelations—true or false—concerning Jimmy Roosevelt's profits from his private insurance business, but I do think he was well advised in his decision to make all the facts public. The private income of a public official *is* a legitimate subject of public interest. That was my position when attempts to inquire into Herbert Hoover's foreign adventures were being treated as "character assassination." I felt that way when the New York *Times* was characterizing Senator Wheeler and the late Senator Walsh as "the Montana mud-gunners" because they ventured to probe the private affairs of Harry M. Daugherty and Albert B. Fall. For kindred reasons I applaud the gallant gesture of the New York *Daily News* in asking for a searching investigation of the entire press, including magazines and periodicals. Surely the publishers who have been howling to high heaven for their special privileges and immunities will not hesitate to recognize their corresponding responsibilities to the public. Or will they? Some of us would like to know what change would occur in the balance sheets of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* if they

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were prohibited from using child labor and deprived of their annual postoffice subsidy. And there is a subject in which working newspapermen are even more interested. The Federal Trade Commission is conducting an investigation of recent unexplained increases in the price of newsprint. The inquiry was undertaken for the protection of the whole newspaper industry. Yet I am told that the commission has in its possession documentary evidence showing that the American Newspaper Publishers Association has privately incited its members to resist the investigation, informing them of their "legal rights" to withhold information sought by the commission's investigators. It is difficult to understand why any publisher would wish to suppress evidence calculated to protect him against a newsprint monopoly unless, by some odd chance, he had a financial interest in the monopoly. I can conceive of a publisher who because of stock ownership in a paper company or discounts on his paper bills might be content to take money from one pocket to put in another while his competitors were being driven to the wall.

Concerning recent developments on the political scene, permit me to quote what was said in this place June 18, as follows: "There will be no casual left-handed pats on the back when the Administration starts going down the line for Senator Barkley. The chips are down in Kentucky and everything will be strictly business." The chips were not down in Oklahoma, because Gov. Marland is just as good a New Dealer as Elmer Thomas. The danger there is that Gomer Smith, the free-sweating, tub-thumping, hog-calling Townsendite, will beat them both. With the best will in the world, there wasn't much Roosevelt could do in such a situation. However, as I have heretofore noted, he has a lamentable tendency to mellow under prosperity and there are signs that he is again figuring angles and picking his spots. If so he will regret it. This is one fight where the winner takes all.

Insurance Agents Are Human

BY LEO HUBERMAN

WHEN the six men who started the Industrial Insurance Agents Union put out their first leaflet, a regional representative of the American Federation of Labor told them that there was no basis for the organization of industrial insurance agents, that the dues should be returned to the members and the union dissolved. One year later, in May, 1938, delegates representing more than 25,000 members from forty-one insurance locals in twenty states took part in the first convention of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization. Such rapid growth in organization would be considered amazing among manual workers; among white-collar workers it is phenomenal.

Insurance agents are middle class. Their ranks are made up of former teachers, lawyers, accountants, small businessmen, and storekeepers who have had little or no conception of trade unionism. What class consciousness they had was the consciousness that they belonged not to the working class but with the bourgeoisie. Yet there was a basis for organization.

Consider the conditions under which they worked. No group of workers on the farm, in the factory, or in the office was ever subjected to more intense pressure or greater intimidation. They were grown men, yet they were bullied like children in an old-fashioned classroom. Most insurance offices, in fact, on six mornings a week resembled such a classroom. There was the office manager in the role of the teacher. In front of him were thirty or more agents, looking like so many frightened schoolboys. Behind him was the blackboard on which were written their names. One by one the agents stood up to recite, that is, to report on their work of the day before. Praise for the "good" children. Humiliation and abuse for the "bad" children. The agent who reported the sale of a large policy was called upon to tell the others how he had done it. The agent who reported no sales was, on occasion, led out of the room by the ear. If his name appeared at the bottom of the list several times he was warned, despite previous high records, to stop fooling around. In one office when a special drive was on, a high stool was placed in a corner of the room. A grandfather had to sit on it for a week wearing a dunce cap.

Some managers carried classroom procedure still further. When an agent's production was running low, they would send for his wife. She would be asked if her husband had any outside interests that were distracting him. What was wrong with him? Perhaps he was lazy? If he really worked there was nothing to stop him from skyrocketing his earnings so that his wife might get a new fur coat, or move into a better apartment.

If the resultant prodding from the wife didn't send the agent's production up, he was called into the manager's office, where the suggestion was made that he wasn't suited to the insurance business. He might have

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been with the company ten or fifteen years, but that didn't matter. Perhaps it was best that he resign. Insurance companies are paternalistic. They seldom fire an agent; they accept his resignation. Before the coming of the union they accepted a lot of resignations every year. The employment turnover was as high as 30 per cent annually.

Industrial insurance agents have two duties: to sell insurance, and to collect premiums on insurance already sold. Their business is mainly with the very poor—the people who pay premiums of a dime or a quarter a week. If the policyholders are at home when the agent has climbed the stairs, if they pay the premiums regularly, if the agent succeeds in selling enough new policies to make up his quota, then all is well. But let a few workers lose their jobs so that the premiums can no longer be paid and the policies are allowed to lapse, and what looked like a good salary shrinks quickly and considerably.

It is the penalty that follows a lapsed policy that makes it so imperative that an agent sell new insurance all the time—because an agent's commission on the sale of a policy is not his for keeps. It is his only so long as the premiums on it are paid. When a policy lapses the agent must return to the company the commission he received, even if the policy was written fifteen years before. Worse still, if an insured person moves from one territory to another the agent in the new territory is charged for the lapse even though he did not write the insurance and therefore did not receive any commission in the first place!

Now things are rapidly changing. The Industrial Insurance Agents Union has swung into action. In New York and Massachusetts laws initiated and sponsored by the union have been passed changing the rules on lapse charges. Companies in these two states are now prohibited from charging agents for policies that have lapsed after having been in force for three years or more. Union locals are preparing similar bills in New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Illinois.

The union claims other victories. The men now have a five-day week. The nauseating office pep talks which came every Saturday morning from eight to twelve have been abolished. Job security, in large measure, has already been won. Never before in a period of depression has the number of "finals" (trade term for dismissals) been so low. And with job security has come a lessening of humiliation and abuse by "straw-boss" managers. Agents no longer allow themselves to be treated like brow-beaten children.

Of course the companies do not admit that the union was responsible for these changes. But such concessions as Saturday mornings off were not granted until they became union demands. Similarly, when the president of the largest insurance company in a recent speech proudly reported that the annual employment turnover was lower than it had ever been in the history of the company, he neglected to mention that the chief reason was the existence of the union. But the agents remembered only too well how much concern was shown for their welfare before the union made its appearance.

What has been the attitude of the companies to the unionization of their agents? One year and a day after the United States Supreme Court declared the Wagner Act constitutional, the New York State Labor Board conducted an election of Metropolitan Insurance Company agents in the Greater New York area. The ballot asked the simple question: "Do you desire to be represented in collective bargaining by the Industrial Insurance Agents Union, Local 30, C. I. O.?" The answer of a majority of workers was "yes," and on April 23, 1938, the State Labor Board officially certified the union as the "exclusive collective bargaining representative for all Metropolitan agents in the Greater New York area."

It would seem that at long last the troublesome question must have been settled. But far from it. The Metropolitan and the other large companies had fought the union before the election and they have refused to bargain collectively since the election. The pattern for the fight of these billion-dollar companies is the familiar one: espionage, intimidation, letters, and talks by the management of the we're-all-one-happy-family type, the charge that "the union is a racket," the playing up of religious prejudices, terrorization, firings. That's the outline. Excerpts from sworn affidavits by the unionists, such as the following, give substance to the phrase "fighting the union":

> I said, "No, Mr. J., I will stay with the C. I. O. union. I will not join the company union."
>
> He [the manager] replied, "Mr. K., you are a die-hard. I will not fire you now but I will make you starve; I will see to it that you will not make any money. I will not stick my neck out at present. When the time will be right I will fire you."

Four months later the time was right. Mr. K. was fired. From another affidavit:

> On January 17, about 11 a.m., Mr. H., the assistant manager, visited my home to see my wife about my membership in the C. I. O. union. My wife told me that Mr. H. stated that she should insist that I report to my office on Tuesday, January 18, and resign from the C. I. O.; that if I did not, he was sure that I would be out of work and that the C. I. O. would do nothing for me; that by my resigning, he himself would guarantee that my job would last for as long as I wished to be employed by the company; and that he was a personal friend of mine and was looking out for my benefit and my kiddies; and that Mr. W., our district manager, has several things against me for which he would forgive me, provided I would resign from the C. I. O.

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And another:

> [Mr. W., assistant manager]: "Your wife wouldn't want you to lose your job now." I said, "Mr. W., I belong to an organization, the International Workers Order . . . and they will not stand for a member of theirs to break out from union ranks. I have a child buried on their grounds and my wife will not permit me to leave this." Mr. W. immediately grabbed the telephone and said, "I will take you in to the Knights of Pythias in my branch." Then he started to call up the secretary of his lodge. I stopped him and said, "Never mind, you will not take me in anywhere." At that moment Mr. S. [acting manager] jumped up from the chair and punched me twice under the heart and said, "God damn, get out of my —— office." I went out of the office with tears in my eyes and with a terrible pain under my heart.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by the companies in this war to smash the union, a war which Congress, with the approval of the Supreme Court, has decreed should not be waged at all. And this is only the beginning. A long-drawn-out legal battle is still to come. The Metropolitan refuses to comply with the decision of the State Labor Board. It seeks a review of the court's order that it bargain collectively on the grounds that its employees are not mechanics or laborers and therefore do not come within the scope of the act; and that the bargaining unit should be state-wide, not city-wide. The argument that the act does not apply to white-collar workers has already been refuted in the Bank of Yorktown case, in which the New York State Supreme Court ruled that it saw no reason why bank employees should be excluded from the provisions of the act. All over the country, moreover, the National Labor Relations Board has taken jurisdiction in cases involving white-collar workers. As for the second argument, it should be noted that there never has been a decision by any court interfering with the absolute discretion of the Labor Board in selecting the proper bargaining unit.

There is good reason to believe that the strategy of the Metropolitan is to carry on an interminable legal battle in the hope that if and when compliance with the board's order to bargain with the union is forced, there will no longer be any union to bargain with. It doesn't worry the management of the Metropolitan that more hundreds of thousands of dollars will have to be paid out in legal fees and other expenses. But it should worry the policyholders, because it is their company which is waging this war and it is their money which is being spent on it.

Living Philosophies—I

TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY

BY E. M. FORSTER

I DO not believe in belief. But this is an age of faith, in which one is surrounded by so many militant creeds that, in self-defense, one has to formulate a creed of one's own. Tolerance, good temper, and sympathy are no longer enough in a world which is rent by religious and racial persecution, in a world where ignorance rules, and science, which ought to have ruled, plays the subservient pimp. Tolerance, good temper, and sympathy—well, they are what matter really, and if the human race is not to collapse they must come to the front before long. But for the moment they don't seem enough; their action is no stronger than a flower battered beneath a military jack-boot. They want stiffening, even if the process coarsens them. Faith, to my mind, is a stiffening process, a sort of mental starch, which ought to be applied as sparingly as possible. I dislike the stuff. I do not believe in it, for its own sake, at all. My lawgivers are Erasmus and Montaigne, not Moses and St. Paul. My temple stands not upon Mount Moriah but in that Elysian Field where even the immoral are admitted.

I have, however, to live in an Age of Faith—the sort of thing I used to hear praised and recommended when I was a boy. It is damned unpleasant, really. It is bloody in every sense of the word. And I have to keep my end up in it. Where do I start?

With personal relationships. Here is something comparatively solid in a world full of violence and cruelty. Not absolutely solid, for psychology has split and shattered the idea of a "person" and has shown that there is something incalculable in each of us, which may at any moment rise to the surface and destroy our normal balance. We don't know what we're like. We can't know what we're like. We can't know what other people are like. How then can we put any trust in personal relationships, or cling to them in the gathering political storm? In theory we can't. But in practice we can and do. For the purpose of living one has to assume that the personality is solid, and the "self" is an entity, and to ignore all contrary evidence. And since to ignore evidence is one of the characteristics of faith, I certainly can proclaim that I believe in personal relationships.

Starting from them, I get a little order into the con-

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temporary chaos. One must be fond of people and trust them if one isn't to make a mess of life, and it is therefore essential that they shouldn't let one down. They often do. The moral of which is that I must, myself, be as reliable as possible, and this I try to be. But reliability isn't a matter of contract. It is a matter for the heart, which signs no documents. In other words, reliability is impossible unless there is a natural warmth. Most men possess this warmth, though they often have bad luck and get chilled. Personal relationships are despised today. They are regarded as bourgeois luxuries, as products of a time of fair weather which has now passed, and we are urged to get rid of them, and to dedicate ourselves to some movement or cause instead. I hate the idea of dying for a cause, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country. Such a choice may scandalize the modern reader, and he may stretch out his patriotic hand to the telephone at once, and ring up the police. It wouldn't have shocked Dante, though. Dante placed Brutus and Cassius in the lowest circle of Hell because they had chosen to betray their friend Julius Caesar, rather than their country, Rome.

This brings me along to democracy, "even Love, the Beloved Republic, which feeds upon Freedom and lives." Democracy isn't a beloved republic really, and never will be. But it is less hateful than other contemporary forms of government, and to that extent it deserves our support. It does start from the assumption that the individual is important, and that all types are needed to make a civilization. It doesn't divide its citizens into the bossers and the bossed, as an efficiency-regime tends to do. The people I admire most are those who are sensitive and want to create something or discover something, and don't see life in terms of power, and such people get more of a chance under a democracy than elsewhere. They found religions, great or small, or they produce literature and art, or they do disinterested scientific research, or they may be what are called "ordinary people," who are creative in their private lives, bring up their children decently, for instance, or help their neighbors. All these people need to express themselves, they can't do so unless society allows them liberty to do so, and the society which allows them most liberty is a democracy.

Democracy has another merit. It allows criticism, and if there isn't public criticism there are bound to be hushed-up scandals. That is why I believe in the press, despite all its lies and vulgarity, and why I believe in Parliament. The British Parliament is often sneered at because it's a talking-shop. Well, I believe in it *because* it is a talking-shop. I believe in the Private Member who makes himself a nuisance. He gets snubbed and is told that he is cranky or ill-informed, but he exposes abuses which would otherwise never have been mentioned, and very often an abuse gets put right just by being mentioned. Occasionally, too, in my country, a well-meaning public official loses his head in the cause of efficiency, and thinks himself God Almighty. Such officials are particularly frequent in the Home Office. Well, there will be questions about them in Parliament sooner or later, and then they'll have to mend their ways. Whether Parliament is either a representative body or an efficient one is very doubtful, but I value it because it criticizes and talks, and because its chatter gets widely reported.

So two cheers for democracy: one because it admits variety and one because it permits criticism. Two cheers are quite enough: there is no occasion to give three. Only Love, the Beloved Republic, deserves that.

What about force, though? While we are trying to be sensitive and advanced and affectionate and tolerant, an unpleasant question pops up; doesn't all society rest upon force? If a government can't count upon the police and the army how can it hope to rule? And if an individual gets knocked on the head or sent to a labor camp, of what significance are his opinions?

This dilemma doesn't worry me as much as it does some. I realize that all society rests upon force. But all the great creative actions, all the decent human relations, occur during the intervals when force has not managed to come to the front. These intervals are what matter. I want them to be as frequent and as lengthy as possible, and I call them "civilization." Some people idealize force and pull it into the foreground and worship it, instead of keeping it in the background as long as possible. I think they make a mistake, and I think that their opposites, the mystics, err even more when they declare that force doesn't exist. I believe that it does exist, and that one of our jobs is to prevent it from getting out of its box. It gets out sooner or later, and then it destroys us and all the lovely things which we have made. But it isn't out all the time, for the fortunate reason that the strong are so stupid. Consider their conduct for a moment in the Niebelungs' Ring. The giants there have the gold, or in other words the guns; but they do nothing with it, they do not realize that they are all-powerful, with the result that the catastrophe is delayed and the castle of Valhalla, insecure but glorious, fronts the storms for generations. Fafnir, coiled round his hoard, grumbles and grunts; we can hear him under Europe today; the leaves of the wood already tremble, and the Bird calls its warnings uselessly. Fafnir will destroy us, but by a blessed dispensation he is stupid and slow, and creation goes on just outside the poisonous blast of his breath. The Nietzschean would hurry the monster up, the mystic would say he didn't exist, but Wotan, wiser than either, hastens to create warriors before doom declares itself. The Valkyries are symbols not only of courage but of intelligence; they represent the human spirit snatching

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its opportunity while the going is good, and one of them even finds time to love. Brunhilde's last song hymns the recurrence of love, and since it is the privilege of art to exaggerate, she goes even further and proclaims the love which is eternally triumphant and feeds upon Freedom, and lives.

So that is what I feel about force and violence. I look the other way until fate strikes me. Whether this is due to courage or to cowardice in my own case I cannot be sure. But I know that if men hadn't looked the other way in the past nothing of any value would survive. The people I respect most behave as if they were immortal and as if society were eternal. Both assumptions are false: both of them must be accepted as true if we are to go on eating and working and loving, and are to keep open a few breathing holes for the human spirit. No millennium seems likely to descend upon humanity; no better and stronger League of Nations will be instituted; no form of Christianity and no alternative to Christianity will bring peace to the world or integrity to the individual; no "change of heart" will occur. And yet we needn't despair, indeed we cannot despair; the evidence of history shows us that men have always insisted on behaving creatively under the shadow of the sword, and that we had better follow their example under the shadow of the airplanes.

There is of course hero worship, fervently recommended as a panacea in some quarters. But here we shall get no help. Hero worship is a dangerous vice, and one of the minor merits of a democracy is that it does not encourage it, or produce that unmanageable type of citizen known as the Great Man. It produces instead different kinds of small men, and that's a much finer achievement. But people who can't get interested in the variety of life and can't make up their own minds get discontented over this, and they long for a hero to bow down before and to follow blindly. It's significant that a hero is an integral part of the authoritarian stock-in-trade today. An efficiency-regime can't be run without a few heroes stuck about to carry off the dullness—much as plums have to be put into a bad pudding to make it palatable. One hero at the top and a smaller one each side of him is a favorite arrangement, and the timid and the bored are comforted by such a trinity and, bowing down, feel exalted by it.

No, I distrust Great Men. They produce a desert of uniformity around them and often a pool of blood, too, and I always feel a little man's pleasure when they come a cropper. I believe in aristocracy though—if that's the right word, and if a democrat may use it. Not an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. Thousands of them perish in obscurity; a few are great names. They are sensitive for others as well as for themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure, and they can take a joke. I give no examples—it is risky to do that—but the reader may as well consider whether this is the type of person he would like to meet and to be, and whether (going further with me) he would prefer that the type should *not* be an ascetic one. I'm against asceticism myself. I'm with the old Scotchman who wanted less chastity and more delicacy. I don't feel that my aristocrats are a real aristocracy if they thwart their bodies, since bodies are the instruments through which we register and enjoy the world. Still, I don't insist here. This isn't a major point. It's clearly possible to be sensitive, considerate, and plucky and yet be an ascetic too, and if anyone possesses the first three qualities, I'll let him in! On they go—an invincible army, yet not a victorious one. The aristocrats, the elect, the chosen, the best people—all the words that describe them are false, and all attempts to organize them fail. Again and again authority, seeing their value, has tried to net them and to utilize them as the Egyptian priesthood or the Christian church or the Chinese civil service or the Group Movement, or some other worthy stunt. But they slip through the net and are gone; when the door is shut they are no longer in the room; their temple, as one of them remarked, is the holiness of the heart's imagination, and their kingdom, though they never possess it, is the wide-open world.

With this type of person knocking about, and constantly crossing one's path if one has eyes to see or hands to feel, the experiment of earthly life cannot be dismissed as a failure. But it may well be hailed as a tragedy, the tragedy being that no device has been found by which these private decencies can be transferred to public affairs. As soon as people have power they go crooked and sometimes dotty, too, because the possession of power lifts them into a region where normal honesty never pays. For instance, the man who is selling newspapers outside the House of Parliament can safely leave his papers to go for a drink, and his cap beside them: anyone who takes a paper is sure to drop a copper into the cap. But the men who are inside the houses of Parliament—they can't trust one another like that; still less can the government they compose trust other governments. No caps upon the pavement here, but suspicion, treachery, and armaments. The more highly public life is organized the lower does its morality sink; the nations of today behave to each other worse than they ever did in the past; they cheat, rob, bully, and bluff, make war without notice, and kill as many women and children as

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possible; whereas primitive tribes were at all events restrained by taboos.

The Savior of the future—if ever he comes—will not preach a new gospel. He will merely utilize my aristocracy; he will make effective the good will and the good temper which are already existing. In other words he will introduce a new technique. In economics, we are told that if there was a new technique of distribution, there need be no poverty, and people would not starve in one place while crops were dug under in another. A similar change is needed in the sphere of morals and politics. The desire for it is by no means new; it was expressed, for example, in theological terms by Jacopone da Todi over six hundred years ago. "Ordina questo amore, O tu che mi ami," he said. ("O thou who lovest me, set this love in order.") His prayer was not granted and I do not myself believe that it ever will be, but here, and not through a change of heart, is our probable route. Not by becoming better, but by ordering and distributing his native goodness, will man shut up force into its box, and so gain time to explore the universe and to set his mark upon it worthily.

Such a change, claim the orthodox, can only be made by Christianity, and will be made by it in God's good time: man always has failed and always will fail to organize his own goodness, and it is presumptuous of him to try. This claim leaves me cold. I cannot believe that Christianity will ever cope with the present world-wide mess, and I think that such influence as it retains in modern society is due to its financial backing rather than to its spiritual appeal. It was a spiritual force once, but the indwelling spirit will have to be restated if it is to calm the waters again, and probably in a non-Christian form.

These are the reflections of an individualist and a liberal who has found his liberalism crumbling beneath him and at first felt ashamed. Then, looking around, he decided there was no special reason for shame, since other people, whatever they felt, were equally insecure. And as for individualism—there seems no way out of this, even if one wants to find one. The dictator-hero can grind down his citizens till they are all alike, but he can't melt them into a single man. He can order them to merge, he can incite them to mass-antics, but they are obliged to be born separately and to die separately and, owing to these unavoidable termini, will always be running off the totalitarian rails. The memory of birth and the expectation of death always lurk within the human being, making him separate from his fellows and consequently capable of intercourse with them. Naked I came into the world, naked I shall go out of it! And a very good thing, too, for it reminds me that I am naked under my shirt. Until psychologists and biologists have done much more tinkering than seems likely, the individual remains firm and each of us must consent to be one, and to make the best of the difficult job.

In the Wind

IN A recent issue of *Look* magazine the picture of a woman named Jane Anderson was published; she was described as a spy for the Spanish rebels. The same Jane Anderson wrote an extensive series for the Hearst newspapers some months ago "exposing" the Spanish Loyalist regime. She wrote as an "impartial newspaper correspondent."

THE MIDNIGHT edition of the New York *Times* recently carried this head on a story describing Father Duffee's address at a communion breakfast: "Priest Defends Fascist Nations." In the late city edition the headline had become: "Priest Sees Soviet Real Foe of U. S."

A UNITED PRESS dispatch from Berlin disclosed that the Nazis had banned an issue of the *Motion Picture Herald,* published in the United States. The magazine could obtain no information from the State Department; its own Berlin office had sent no word. A phone call was made to Consul-General Mueller at the German consulate in New York. He professed ignorance of the move but said there must have been a "terrible article" in the confiscated issue. He said that usually only a single issue of a periodical is banned when a "terrible article appears." He added, however, that "when every issue of a publication prints something terrible, like *The Nation,* then all issues are banned."

A COMPANY UNION has been formed among life insurance agents to stem the growth of the C. I. O. union. In a bulletin issued by the company union—the Employees Fidelity Association—appears this announcement: "It is a source of consolation that outstanding industrial leaders with American principles such as Ford, Knudsen, Douglas, Girdler, etc., who have always been staunch supporters of the law, now come forward and state in no uncertain terms that the exact and undeniable cause of our present recession is entirely due to the manner in which the Wagner Act was administered by a prejudiced and biased labor board."

AROUND-THE-WORLD: Charles Maurras, editor of the Royalist *Action Française,* whose articles provoked the Jaurès assassination in 1914, who recently paid a visit of homage to Franco, and who served a prison term in 1937 for incitement to murder, has been elected to the French Academy, the highest honor a Frenchman can attain. . . . The *Archiv für Biologie und Rassengesellschaft,* an important Nazi journal, recently published an article by a Reichswehr officer on the "utility of air bombardments from the standpoint of racial selection and social hygiene." . . . Out of twenty-six Austrian metal workers who were sent by the Labor Office to work in Hamburg, Germany, twenty-four hitch-hiked their way back to Austria, preferring unemployment to Nazi labor conditions.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE death of Justice Cardozo seems to me the worst blow which could have befallen the Supreme Court. I am not unmindful of Justice Brandeis, of course, if only because I know how Justice Cardozo revered him. He never spoke of Brandeis save almost with bated breath; he was his ideal. Cardozo would be the first to protest against anyone's being put before the Massachusetts justice. What I mean is that Justice Cardozo, being only sixty-eight years old, with an ever young and forward-looking spirit, would have liked to give at least ten more years of service to the Court, whereas we can hope for nothing like that from Justice Brandeis upon whose shoulders now rest eighty-three years. Both men have been the greatest ornaments of the court since the retirement of Justice Holmes.

I know that there are many who believe that in time Hugo Black will rank with them; but of this I am sure: no one whom Franklin Roosevelt could possibly appoint could combine again such deep legal lore with such high judicial integrity and honor, such exalted liberalism, with so beautiful a spirit, so rare a personality as was Benjamin Cardozo's. Others must evaluate his exact merit as a great justice, for there, being a layman, I am not competent. It was, however, my good fortune to know Justice Cardozo and I never left his presence without thanking heaven that I had once more had the privilege of being with him. For weeks, as it became all too apparent that the justice would never again take his seat, I have been wondering how I could describe to others the rare quality which was Benjamin Cardozo's and came to the conclusion that I could not adequately portray it. "Exquisite" is an adjective which invariably suggests itself, yet it is so rarely applied to men as to be rather dangerous. Still in this case it fits, for Justice Cardozo was fineness itself; he had courage with delicacy; charm with firmness; sensitiveness to a degree; a righteousness worthy of a great prophet.

It was impossible to be with him and believe that he could be capable of anything narrow, or illiberal, or small. You found him extraordinarily well informed as to everything going on in the world and judging it judicially, discriminatingly, but never to the extent of suppressing his own feelings. When it came to the discussion of international wrongdoing, of crimes against groups and peoples and countries, he could and did blaze with indignation. Never was there a more modest man, never one with less pride of opinion, or one who reflected less the great position which he occupied. Had he met people who did not know who he was they would never have suspected from his manner or words that this was one who had achieved the extraordinary in life. It *was* most extraordinary, for here was the son of a faithless, corrupt judge, publicly disgraced in a great scandal. Most men would have chosen another profession and gone elsewhere—to Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Canada—to start anew. Not Benjamin Cardozo. He stayed right in New York and by his high character, his surpassing ability, his scholarship, and his devotion, rose to become the chief judge in his own state and then a Supreme Court Justice—"one of the nine old men," he called himself with a wistful smile. That was a gibe from which he and Brandeis should always have been excepted. There was nothing old or static about his mind.

And this great, truly noble man was a Jew—a Jew, proud and unashamed. Descendant of the aristocratic Portuguese group, he was as true and as loyal an American as ever lived, yet he never failed to recognize his kinship with the lowly, the ignorant, the backward of the Jewish people, even as did the Master himself.

None the less, the bitterest disappointment of his last years was, I believe, that with the coming of that bestial persecution, torturing, and murdering of Jews in Germany and Austria and Poland the conscience of America did not speak out as clearly, as emphatically, as historically it has in the past—to our lasting glory. He recalled how Secretary of State Hay and President Theodore Roosevelt had denounced the Kishinev massacres in Russia, although not a single American citizen was harmed thereby in person or property. The great justice waited in vain for similarly burning and pointed official words, naming names and deeds and places. Where, he asked me, were the other descendants of the Abolitionists? Why were only three of us lifting our voices in protest? Why did I not do more? On these occasions I think his judicial ermine irked him. He would have liked to go forth into the market place and raise his voice to heaven. Probably it was not called for; by his own life and example he showed the world how fine a Jew could be and so often is, what tremendous contributions Jews can and do make to the common weal. What a crime it is against Christianity and all humanity to degrade and destroy a race that can produce such men, such pioneers in ethics and of the intellect, and so rare a soul as that of Benjamin Cardozo!

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Dixie, U. S. A.

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH. By Jonathan Daniels. The Macmillan Company. $3.

FOR more than a century the report has been that the State of North Carolina is a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit. But whenever a Tarheel writer goes forth to discover the rest of the South, the result may be saucy, or sophisticated, but it is never humble. Such, at any rate, is this reviewer's reaction to this Raleigh-born travelogue of the South—that of Jonathan Daniels, son of Josephus and editor of the Raleigh paper of his sire.

The volume bears the title "A Southerner Discovers the South," but the discovery may not be altogether absolute. Not that Brother Jonathan did not enter his char-à-banc and jaunt about over the Dixie states. Indeed he did, beginning at Arlington on the Potomac, making his farthest west at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and then wandering back through the deep cotton South before returning to his editorial ease at Raleigh. The question is whether Mr. Daniels or anyone else can discover a South much different from that which exists within himself as the outgrowth of his own background and beliefs.

If this be true, this book is an indispensable aid to those who wish to discover what sort of a South there is in Jonathan. To begin with, it is an unusual and interesting South, as reflected by the miscellany of its author's observations, thoughts and after-thoughts, impulses and prejudices from Arlington to Arkansas and back. Its style is light, casual, skeptical, and nimble as an Alpine gazelle in its leaps from governors to poets to reception rooms in a Vicksburg bawdy-house. It gives us hints both of why the sea is boiling hot and why some pigs grow wings.

One suspects that this mixture proceeds from the fact that Mr. Daniels has adopted the well-known British thesis that life is much too serious a thing to be taken seriously. In any event, his blend of grave and gay is one of his book's most attractive features.

Take the case of his examination of the Tennessee Valley Authority, probably the most interesting single enterprise now under way in the South. At Norris Dam, near Knoxville, Jonathan Daniels broke bread with David Lilienthal. At breakfast table there, the TVA director revealed his feeling that there could be only two points of view about the valley and its program. One was that it was necessary to impose the good life, "the new civilization," upon people in general, and the 2,500,000 people in the 42,000 square miles of the valley in particular. The second was "that the people themselves, freed from improper restraint and overwhelming handicap, are entirely capable of providing the good life for themselves." The first Lilienthal rejects, the second he battles for. He believes in the folk of the valley itself. He doesn't think they are "biologically exhausted"; but he thinks that they need to be given a chance, and that TVA has been put down in the valley to give them this chance. And so Jonathan reports David's democracy as well as his faith.

The author gives a similar tone to his talks with several Dixie governors whom he took in his rapid stride. One was Governor Bailey of Arkansas, "a thick man, not handsome; his hair is yellow and his skin looks weather-toughened. But I could understand how women might mistake his strength for handsomeness." This head of a state which would not change its name, but would its governor, insisted that the function of a state in self-development "is to make and disclose opportunity." He offered no subsidies or tax exemptions: all worth-while industries wanted was the chance to make money, and Arkansas proposed to give them that chance. But across the river, in Jeff Davis's state, Governor White—a fat man, with graying hair and an emphatic voice—wanted to do whatever it took to get some industries in the state. "I don't ask the people of Mississippi to grow one less bale of cotton," he said. "But I want some balance. It's the only way we can escape from this poverty at the bottom."

In New Orleans he found Governor Leche sick abed with a summer cold, but still talkative. "We've got one of the richest states in the world here," he explained. "We've got everything. And we've got to build it up, any way we can, every way we can." If that be tax exemption and subsidies, make the best of it. Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama likewise had things that he was burning to talk about. He wanted to do something about the cruel freight-rate discriminations by which the North and the East continue to take tribute out of the South. Brother Jonathan reports his description of the South as a veritable satrapy of other sections.

But enough of the peripatetic editor's jousts with those who sit in the masters' seats—or think they do. He spent a great deal of his time out on the land itself, seeking impressions as to tenant-farmer and sharecropper problems, and as to the various efforts at rural betterment. In Arkansas he examined a huge government project, with new, comfortable houses, but built at a cost enormously out of line with anything the Arkansas people could ever pay. This he felt was a retreat from reality, federal subsidy for unsubstantial dream. Across the river, at Hillsdale, he spent a day at the Delta Cooperative Plantation, staffed by enthusiasts, who believe that the plantation world can be redeemed through faith. He applauded their enthusiasm, but reported no warm expectation that they would make an agricultural success.

His report of Oscar Johnston, America's most successful cotton planter, is in marked contrast. For one thing, Oscar Johnston is a man and not a system. He farms his 38,000 acres in a friendly as well as understanding and efficient way. He doesn't expect that the Rust cotton picker will revolutionize cotton culture—the fleecy staple will continue to need the human being much more than the machine.

Florida, our Southron Daniels did not like so well, because it had been commercialized and Yankified. So he sped to Georgia, where he paid a fine tribute to Dr. Herty. Then he

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meandered through the Palmetto State, glancing at a languid Charleston summer, and wound up at Raleigh with his world of notes. His book of a pleasant, emotionally disturbed, intellectually hectic region ends with a confession of his faith that the South's salvation must come out of the South itself; and that it can and will be saved. So trust we all.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Arctic Empire

ON TOP OF THE WORLD. By Lazar Brontman. With a Foreword by Professor Otto Y. Schmidt (Hero of the Soviet Union). Covici-Friede. $3.

SOON after Admiral Peary had achieved the North Pole he wrote: "In the very near future the biting air above both poles will be stirred by whirring airplane propellers, and when that time comes the inner polar regions will quickly yield their last secrets. . . . Looking forward to this certain materialization, it is a source of satisfaction that the two last great physical adventures, the winning of the North Pole and the South Pole—the feats which clinched and made complete man's conquest of the globe—were accomplished without the aid of such modern devices and inventions."

This keen prophecy was first realized in full with the arrival in midsummer of 1937 of the main Soviet expedition at the North Pole. No less than five great modern airplanes and seventy-five men were gathered at the Pole; and soon thereafter the polar air was again stirred by whirring airplane propellers when three other Soviet planes flew over the Pole toward the United States—two of them successfully, the third lost.

The press dispatches of the time emphasized the apparent ease and almost certainty with which these outstanding feats were accomplished. The book by Lazar Brontman emphasizes rather the long wait for suitable flying weather, the great uncertainty attending it all, and the many hardships which were inseparable from the accomplishment. One plane indeed was smashed during the gale in Matochkin Strait in Nova Zembla, with the loss of three men.

As one reads Brontman's account it becomes clear that the success, while due in large part to the skill and caution of the leaders and the splendid personnel of the crews, was also in no small measure to be charged to excessive good fortune at critical moments. Probably the largest single element of the success was the training which the pilots and navigators had had in the new Siberian empire of the Arctic, developed under the Soviet Arctic Institute and Professor Schmidt, who was also the leader of this expedition. Schmidt and his parties had evidently made a very careful study of Peary's books and were well advised concerning the conditions which they would have to meet in the vicinity of the Pole.

The author of the book is a journalist who was a participant in the enterprise, and his story is told largely through the medium of radiograms, which, amazing to relate, were successfully sent to Moscow from the North Pole with perfect regularity four times daily—another triumph to be charged to the account of the Arctic Empire, where hundreds of such radio stations are in regular operation. This surely is not the most effective way in which to prepare a book for the reader; but it at least gives assurance of a true account. In his Foreword, Professor Schmidt says: "The author gives us a conscientious narrative . . . depicts members of the expedition as modest and simple men. This is undoubtedly true, just as it is true that these modest people were real heroes. . . ."

The most thrilling portion of the book is undoubtedly that which recounts the experiences of the four men of the Papanin party during their long southerly drift on the floe upon which the "North Pole Station" was located. Throughout this drift scientific studies of the greatest value were at no time interrupted, though the surface of the floe became a pond of water from which the camp had to be elevated; and though it later split up before the men were finally rescued through the heroic efforts of the crews of airplanes and ice-breaker ships acting together.

Incidentally, the book supplies most interesting sidelights upon Soviet conditions in the homeland, through the apparent adoration of the dictator, Stalin, and in the excessive formalities which marked the rescue. The picture of the rescued men advancing over the floe toward their rescuers with a flag on which was the picture of Stalin held out in front will inevitably come to mind when we recall from the press dispatches the threatened purge of their great leader, Schmidt.

The book is in reality an epic account of an expedition which reflects the greatest credit upon its leader and the entire personnel, but particularly upon the four "Papaninites," the scientists who did their work under such heavy handicaps and accomplished an almost unbelievable amount of scientific observation of the very greatest value.

WILLIAM H. HOBBS

The Ostrich-headed Lion

BRITAIN AND THE DICTATORS. By R. W. Seton-Watson. Macmillan. $3.50.

ANY description of Europe today must make melancholy reading, but in this book the most depressing part is not the situation which the author outlines, forcefully and succinctly. It is rather the contrast between his clear diagnosis of Europe's ills and the obvious difficulty he finds in prescribing remedies—a difficulty which reflects all too clearly the dithering state of British opinion, or, perhaps one should say, world democratic opinion. Moreover, in so far as he does arrive at conclusions, they appear to shirk the logic of his facts and to put the weight of his authority behind "realism" in the Chamberlain sense—a sense which suggests that the king of beasts should be supplanted on Britain's coat of arms by that heraldic monstrosity, the ostrich-headed lion.

That Professor Seton-Watson does in fact speak with authority is not to be denied. Occupant of the Masaryk chair of Central European History at London University, he is Britain's leading expert on the Austro-Hungarian succession states, and as the friend, and sometimes adviser, of many of their leading statesmen, he has a more than academic knowledge of his subject. In the present volume his familiarity with the problems of middle Europe is best shown in a valuable chapter devoted to the Small States and the National Minorities.

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This, however, is a side issue. The main theme of the book is British diplomacy in relation to the rise of the dictators. As a background we are given a summary of British foreign policy over the past 150 years, and the author finds in the tangle of its inconsistencies certain guiding threads. In the long run Britain's weight has always been thrown against any power threatening hegemony over Europe, although her statesmen have always refused, in Castlereagh's words, to "act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution." That today Germany is bidding for hegemony is clear to most observers, and this volume provides additional evidence. But, the author argues, previously "there was never any serious prospect that our weight in the scales might plunge all Europe under a despotism which tolerates neither variance nor shadow of turning. And that is rapidly becoming our dilemma today—to renounce that dream of a new World Order to which we pledged our troth in 1919, and in its place to submit to a choice between a Brown 'Totalitarianism' and a Red 'Totalitarianism.' "

In the light of this dilemma he examines the rise of the three great dictatorships. A good Liberal, he abhors them all, but he notes as a point in Russia's favor that, since entry into the League, she has faithfully observed all international treaty obligations. This leads him to the argument: "Much as we may detest the methods of Moscow, nothing can obscure the fact that at present more than ever the interests of the two countries run parallel and it is not in the general interest of Europe that Russia should be isolated." This is an unexceptionable conclusion, but does it quite square with the dilemma previously posed?

The account in this book of Fascist Italy's pursuit of an imperial destiny is a damning one. Of all the dictators, Mussolini is, in Professor Seton-Watson's eyes, the most hostile to Britain and the one with whom accommodation is least possible. He describes the Spanish adventure as a "direct and deadly challenge to British interests" and asserts that "those who talk glibly of recapturing his [Mussolini's] friendship only increase the danger by convincing him of British gullibility."

These are very strong words and, after reading them, one would expect to find their author among the severest critics of non-intervention. But not at all: in his later chapter on the Spanish War he finds the policy of Britain and France thoroughly justified. That is to say, Mussolini is waging war in Spain not primarily against the Loyalists but against Britain (and France) with the object of placing them in a strategically untenable position in the Western Mediterranean. Yet it would be wrong for Britain to do anything but follow a line which is patently assisting him to gain his ends. If this be "realism" give us back our illusions!

The same strange capacity for seeing the facts clearly and then shying at their implications appears again in Professor Seton-Watson's treatment of Germany. His history of the rise of Nazi power, internal and external, is as impressive a brief account as I have seen. With skilful use of quotation he builds up a picture of a regime that has deliberately turned its back on Western civilization, reduced Germany by force and fraud to barbarism, and is now seeking, by the ruthless application of Power Politics, to bring all Europe to the same state. Nevertheless the author appears to believe possible an Anglo-German accord which aims at "not merely a bilateral bargain" but "a return to some kind of international order." He has in mind an agreement which would meet Germany's colonial and other grievances on condition she rejoined the League of Nations and undertook to respect the status quo in Europe.

Here again the author's realism seems suspiciously like wish-fulfilment. On his own evidence there is no basis for accommodation between Britain and Germany except at the expense of other states. Moreover, it has been made clear again and again that Hitler does not discuss: he acts. A man who has made himself God in his own country, whose word there is Gospel, cannot descend from his throne to negotiate, bargain, and compromise. To do Professor Seton-Watson justice, he puts forward his proposals without a strong air of conviction and, in his final chapter, added to cover the rape of Austria when the rest of the book had gone to press, seems to plead guilty of misplaced optimism.

KEITH HUTCHISON

To Beg I Am Ashamed

TO BEG I AM ASHAMED. By Sheila Cousins. The Vanguard Press. $2.

THIS autobiography of a London prostitute tells a more or less typical story. Brought up in a sordid home, her mother herself a streetwalker, her father more than willing to live on her mother's earnings, the author, as a young girl, was arrested for stealing and sentenced to a reform school. On her release, she lived through a succession of underpaid and temporary jobs; finally, she decided on "the oldest profession" as a more lucrative means of livelihood. Her subsequent life on the streets is presented in all its unsavory details, without attempt at embellishment or modification. What makes the story unusual is that the author is obviously a woman of more than average intelligence. She is introspective, she has a keen eye for observation and the ability to translate her observations into terse and graphic phrases, she is imaginative and sophisticated. Not one of these qualities, however, seems to have entered into the sphere of her active relationships—especially those involving the various men who pass, rapidly and for the most part indifferently, through her story. Despite her intelligence, her occasional sensitivity, and her very genuine hatred of her trade, she leaves us with the final impression of a woman without passions, without values, even without motives; incapable of either action or reaction—and as cynically indifferent to her fate as society itself.

One thing which the book makes clear is that the economic causes of prostitution ought to be understood in their broadest possible sense. Financial necessity, though a determining factor, is by no means wholly responsible for this social evil. In the majority of cases it can be traced to early environmental conditions similar to those described by the author of this book—conditions which can destroy the will, sap the initiative, and leave their victims with a lingering sense of inferiority and a lingering conviction that such a career is the best they can hope for in a definitely antagonistic world.

HELEN NEVILLE

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Liberalism Restated

COMMUNISM, FASCISM, OR DEMOCRACY? By Eduard Heimann. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

THIS penetrating analysis of the crucial problems of our age, written by a well-known German scholar now in this country, is a most fortunate blend of German scholastic methods and the breadth of vision acquired by contacts with applied democracy and capitalism on this continent. The densely packed volume makes difficult reading but it pays the reader well. Scarcely a problem of economic, political, or sociological importance is overlooked, everything is well imbedded in its proper historical and logical context, and the systematic approach is extremely helpful for the understanding of the individual problems.

The book conceives democracy in its "original" compass as historically though not logically interrelated with capitalism, and traces in a masterly fashion the development of both fundamental concepts through the three "transformations" of classical socialism, communism, and fascism. The approach is more from the point of view of the economist than on political lines in terms of institutional procedures, but it is realistic enough to measure the inevitable inferences from institutions on social stratification.

To the reviewer, the main thesis seems to be the attempt to reconcile liberalism with socialism in its classical concept, or, as E. Heimann puts it, the "spiritual identity of democracy and socialism." This confirms, in the last analysis, the efforts toward pragmatic collectivism as a bourgeois solution for social reconstruction. To reconcile liberty with coordination and integration is the purpose of the author, who thus emerges to the reader as a reformed Marxist who has jettisoned orthodoxy for the sake of sincerity and truth. This metamorphosis was brought about, so it seems at least to the reviewer, by a realistic insight into the fundamental errors of Russian Marxism, for which the "anticipation of historical necessity" is little excuse, as well as into the inherent shortcomings of totalitarian fascism. Particularly interesting are the sections on the catastrophic neglect of the agrarian problem by Marxism and bourgeois capitalism, and the characterization of German National Socialism as a lower-middle-class revolt, although the latter point is now generally accepted.

The question mark in the title of the book is, however, justly to be reserved for the author's constructive conclusions. As a reformed Marxist he is by no means an uncompromising determinist; on the contrary, rarely has the fundamental error of Marxism in neglecting the spiritual forces transcending economic conditions been pointed up more clearly than by the demonstration of National Socialism as a quasi-religious movement. On the other hand, in Italy deification of the state or of the fascist mode of living is scarcely more than a thin veneer, as alien to the Italian nature as it is a convenient method for psychotechnical emotionalism. By a spiritual urge which permeates even the most technical discussions the author is led to enlarge the politico-economic scope of the book. The history of Western civilization is the realization of humanism, as the ideals of justice, peace, and human dignity, and democracy if it is to survive must become the incarnation of "humanistic socialism" as the integration of

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economic and political life. Thus the author joins the school of neo-humanism, and the solution he envisages is the revival or rediscovery of a community spirit between the classes engaged in productive work as well as between fellow-workers and neighbors in professional life for whose existence he sees evidence particularly in cooperative tendencies and agrarian habits, and in the collectivization of work in industry. In many respects his line of reasoning coincides with Duguit's ideas of social solidarity. Miss Follett's pluralism is perhaps a parallel in this country. The author leans more on Tillich, Franz Oppenheimer, and Henri de Man, to whom he acknowledges indebtedness. In the last analysis, neo-humanism, rooted in the belief in "natural" justice to which a "natural" order must correspond, is more an idealistic postulate than one derived from actual experiences; its justification lies in its evident ineradicability which defies human disappointment and as such is no less unassailable than a quasi-religious proposition. But the esoteric belief in the "democratic ideal of peace and justice" is a mortgage on the future, and the author fails to reveal how the economic machine should be run to attain efficiency by humanitarian methods alone. Perhaps we liberals are already so deeply affected by authoritarian despair that we have abandoned hope to see how planning can work without constraint.

This is the point where the question mark of the title stands out in boldest type. Things have gone too far in these hectic years since the war; the masses have become too awakened, the bourgeois too frightened and too stubborn, the farmers too restless under the threat of mechanization, and, above all, the militaristic spirit has penetrated too deeply into our subconscious mind, to allow any idyllic solution which bases its arguments on the goodness or on the reasonableness of human nature. We should not forget that Rousseau, on whom the author surprisingly draws more than on Hegel, proclaimed that democracy is suitable only for gods. Democracy, at its best, was always an oligarchy of the decent people, as fascist democracy today is the oligarchic domain of the rabble rousers, and the problem of rational selection is not yet accessible to rational methods. Dr. Heimann, in spite of his sound realism, is carried away in the concluding sections of his book by an incurable idealism, perhaps the heritage of his German education which belies his Marxist propensities. The impending catastrophe will pay little heed to utopian dreams or wishful thinking. Voluntary submission to cooperative authority presupposes preparedness of the spirit, for which it is too late. The terrified world already hears the hoofs of the apocalyptic horse clanging over the devastated fields of civilization.

To sum up: as an analysis Dr. Heimann's book is second to none of many similar discussions; as a constructive forecast it is more idealistic than we may be willing to admit; but there are few in this country who would not indorse his tribute to the everlasting values of liberalism and humanism.

KARL LOEWENSTEIN

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Guide to Blake

WILLIAM BLAKE'S CIRCLE OF DESTINY. By Milton O. Percival. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

AFTER challenging T. S. Eliot's statement that Blake lacked a "framework of traditional and accepted ideas," Mr. Percival hints that it can be proved that Blake exceeded Milton and was second only to Dante in the use of tradition. He does not set out to prove this himself, however, and he acknowledges that the tradition Blake does use is a heterodox line of little-known mystics, from the gnostics and Plotinus down to Boehme and Swedenborg.

Mr. Percival's book is entirely descriptive. He gathers up all Blake's symbols and trades them with those of his various predecessors. Furthermore, he confines himself to the symbols in the later prophetic books. Now in these books Blake expanded the dualism of his earlier poems, based on the struggles between Urizen (repressive reason, tyranny, etc.) and Los (genius, imagination), into the fourfold struggle of the "Zoas." It is here that Mr. Percival finds what he chooses to call the "circle of destiny."

This is merely a description of the way Blake symbolized his belief that nothing in the realm of being is static. And he does this by means of a "wheel of existence" common to nearly all mystics. Blake sees both man and macrocosm continually moving through various levels of enlightenment and blindness, liberty and oppression. Mr. Percival's careful study relates this to various other systems of mystics, of astrologers, of alchemists. In the attempt to fit Blake in with the astrologers and alchemists, it becomes hard to do more than simply point out the similarity: anything further tends to do violence to Blake. In reexpressing the "circle of destiny" in astrological, then alchemical symbols, Mr. Percival imposes too much rigidity on Blake's thought.

While the book is full of material to interest the student, it treats so many details with such minute care that it seems to lose in freshness, in clarity, and sometimes in perspective. Compared with those of S. Foster Damon, Mr. Percival's judgments seem often to lack sureness. For instance, a certain vagueness in his treatment of Blake's feminine symbols leads Mr. Percival to refer to some of them as if they were exact counterparts of Milton's Eve and played a similar part in the "fall." Damon is always careful never to involve Blake in any Miltonian stuffiness about sex.

In confining himself to a study of symbolism, Mr. Percival does not try to evaluate Blake's philosophy, and he never speaks of him as a poet. The book is simply a valuable aid toward disengaging Blake's vigorous thought from the fine, strange symbols that clothe it. More frequently the author simply identifies the symbols and assigns to each of them its own properties. In this respect his study is an excellent one, because of its completeness; it should be of great help to anyone simply reading the prophetic books, for even if it is not important to know what the symbols stand for —and perhaps no one really does know—it is at any rate essential to be able to recognize the symbols themselves and identify them every time they recur in the poems.

THOMAS MERTON

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Letters to the Editors

Local 16 on Mr. Levinson

Dear Sirs: Edward Levinson, in his article, The C. I. O. in Crisis, which appeared in *The Nation* of July 2, made a number of incorrect and distorted references to Local 16 of the United Office and Professional Workers of America.

The true facts are that Local 16 is not dominated by any political group nor does it discriminate against any member because of his political beliefs. The constitution of our international union and the by-laws of Local 16 specifically forbid discrimination because of race, color, or religious or political beliefs. We organize white-collar workers who come within our jurisdiction wherever they are employed, and have Communists among our membership as well as members of other political parties.

The policies of Local 16 are determined by its membership at monthly membership meetings, and between meetings by its executive board, elected by the membership annually. Every opportunity exists within Local 16 and within our International Union for full expression of differences of opinion within the union. The resolution which Mr. Levinson quoted, out of context, refers to a decision made in an effort to restrict the disruptive activity of a tiny bloc within our local union which refuses to absorb itself in the program of the union but insists by its own declaration on holding itself above the decisions of the membership.

Any member or group of members can present grievances and appeal to the convention of the U. O. P. W. A. if they use the orderly machinery provided in the union. However, the members of the union are required to abide by decisions once they are made. Consequently, it was within the province of the membership of Local 16 to determine that its members must exhaust remedies within the union and must not be permitted to evade necessary discipline by refusal to recognize the facilities available. Unions have to face hostile employers and a hostile press. The continuation of differences of opinion after the membership has made its decision results in keeping the union in turmoil. After all, the first job of a union is to serve its membership and to do so as efficiently and as ably as possible.

As a member of the general executive board, I am familiar with the circumstances relating to the reorganization of Local 34. The board fully examined the situation, and after hearing testimony by a representative of the executive board of Local 34 came to the conclusion that the interests of that part of the membership of Local 34 which was employed in warehouses coming within the jurisdiction of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union were not being adequately safeguarded. In order to administer their contracts more effectively and provide for the further organization of the unorganized, the board transferred these 400 workers to the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which has a membership of some 8,800 in this field. In order to permit the balance of the members to reestablish the local union, it was placed temporarily under the supervision of the San Francisco District Industrial Council, pending elections. These elections have already been held, and full self-government has been restored to the local union.

The membership of Local 34 overwhelmingly defeated a motion to break away from the U. O. P. W. A. and approved the recommendations of the board, including the transfer of members to the I. L. W. U. and the holding of new elections. A handful of members and not a "substantial section" went back to the A. F. of L., and did so with such dispatch that I am convinced that all arrangements for this move had been made in advance of our convention.

MORRIS YANOFF,
Administrative Officer, Local 16,
U. O. P. W. A.

New York, July 1.

Mr. Levinson on Local 16

Dear Sirs: Mr. Yanoff's comment on recent events in Local 16 bears out my statement that the Communists in control of the union have small regard for the rights of dissenters. He frankly defends the idea that "continuation of differences *of opinion* [my italics] after the membership has made its decision" need not be tolerated by a majority. My contention is that expression of opinion is always in order, in unions and out of them. Mr. Yanoff very clearly echoes the resolution which he, without foundation, insists I quoted out of context. Communist domination of Local 16 is too well known and too easily demonstrable to be argued.

Mr. Yanoff's picture of affairs in Local 34 is misleading. The need for "reorganization" of the local and transfer of its members was discovered *after* an administration unfriendly to the International officers was elected. The 400 warehouse office workers were transferred, without their consent, to Mr. Bridges's organization, which has 8,800 members, most of them longshoremen. The remains of the union were turned over for "supervision" by the Bridges-controlled San Francisco council. (When the A. F. of L. appoints "supervisors," the Communists raise loud protests, and justly.)

The meeting which, Mr. Yanoff says, approved all this maneuvering was held *after* the warehouse office workers had been transferred, when other members had left to form an A. F. of L. local, and only Stalinist followers remained.

EDWARD LEVINSON

New York, July 7

General Immel Denies

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue of your magazine you quote me as having said, "I am a soldier, and my psychology is a military one. I have always taken orders from my superiors, and if I receive instructions to run for governor, I will do so."

My psychology is anything but a military one. Though I served overseas seventeen months in a junior capacity with the infantry, I abhor war. It answers nothing. I receive and accept orders only in the narrow field of my responsibility as adjutant general. I have never made the statement you attribute to me.

RALPH M. IMMEL

Madison, Wis., June 30.

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A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH

by

Jonathan Daniels

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CONTRIBUTORS

LEO HUBERMAN, author of "Man's Worldly Goods" and "The Labor Spy Racket," will teach this summer at the Southern Summer School for Workers.

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